Nature
and
Other Verse

By

MRS. E. T. CRUM

Class PS3505
Book .R77N3
Copyright No. 1909

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

NATURE

AND

OTHER VERSE

BY

MRS. E. T. CRUM

E. J. GOODRICH, PUBLISHER
OBERLIN, OHIO

P5355
.R97N3
1909

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY
MRS. E. T. CRUM

LIBRARY of CONGRESS
Two Copies Received
JUN 18 1909
Copyright Entry
Apr. 26, 1909
CLASS A XXc. No.
237736
COPY B.

PREFACE.

This little book is published simply for private distribution among a few friends and acquaintances.

It is made up of miscellaneous poems largely the product of the author's inner life and experience, her interest in things seen and felt. On them she has whiled away many a moment of isolation and loneliness during her invalidism of years.

She regrets she had not more health and strength to devote to perfecting them in form and thought.

J. H. C.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., Feb. 19, 1909.

Not in dress of purple and gold,
Like glory of circumstance,
Or royal life or romance,
Is homely experience told.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
Preface	3
Nature	7
Sweet Violet	8
Daffodils	9
The Trees	9
The Mocking Bird	10
The Minstrels	12
Nature Lesson	12
Sophistries	12
The Wood Thrush	13
A Brother's Keeper	14
My Canary	16
A School Riddle	17
The Hoar Frost at High Noon	18
The Soul of Song	19
Migrating	20
In A Storm	21
Jackson Park	22
An Astray Chameleon	24
Laus Veritatis	25
Heart of the Mountains	26
Quatrain	26
The Sea	27
Silken Sail	27
Active Sirius May Lead	28
Lilacs	29
Nature Wine	29
Falling Leaves	30
The Moon	32

PAGE.
The Sea 33
Wraiths of the Round Year..... 34
Nature Adjures 36
California's Wild Poppy..... 37
A Rondel to the Rose..... 38
Beneficence 38
A Blue Bird's Dirge..... 39
The Woods 40
The Arbutus 41
The Palm 42
On the Mississippi 43
Wild Flowers 44
June 45
The Wintry Spirit 46
Kitten Castaways 47
Robin 48
Rondeau 49
The Thrush 50
Beech Tree Boles..... 51
At Foot of the Mountains..... 52
A Rose in a Snow Bank..... 54
Life 57
Basely Allied 57
The Sophists 58
Brotherhood 60
Elizabeth Barrett Browning..... 61
Faithless 62
'Tis Pitiful 62
Broken on Life's Wheel..... 63
Ill Judgments 63
Character 64
Self-Pitying Tears 64

PAGE.
Baby Clare 65
One Desire Above All Others 65
Misfortune's Folk 66
Giving That Despoils 66
Time's On Fleet Foot 67
Quatrain 67
A Plea For Chivalry 68
Ownership 69
Flattery 69
A Suicide 70
Aspiration 71
A Joyless Life 72
Quatrain 72
A Serenade 73
Time Adjures Us 73
Discussion of Neutral Souls 74
Hard Times 78
Atavism 79
Seeking Spirit Rappings 79
A Wedding Tragedy 80
Rondeau—A Round of Time 82
The Temptress 83
Secrecy 84
Insincere 84
Impedimenta 85
Aspire 86
For A Price 87
To the Leader Preposterous 87
My Barque 88
Rondeau 89
Misfortune's Class 90
Presentiments 91

PAGE.
Insensitive 92
The Greater Gain 93
The Tempter 94
A Song of Illness 99
Quatrain 99
God's Merciful Love 100
Faith 100
Till Comes the Morn 101
Petition 101
A Grace of Memory 102
Contrition 102
God's Peace 103
The Temple Not Made of Hands 104
Service 104
Rondel to 20 Century 105
Morn 105
If Cumbered 106
Her Prayer 107
Petition 107
Loss 108
Tell Me 108
Right Values 109
Beauty 109
Petition 110
Easter Eve 111
At Heaven's Bar 112
Death 113
Inglorious 114
Ladder of Faith 115

Nature.

Nature

In the presence of nature, a wild delight runs thro' the man, in spite of real sorrows.—EMERSON.

A realm of peace, of purity!
This thrilling joy God giveth me
In field and flower, rich and arrayed,
In waters and wood, green hill and glade,

In caroling birds fine orchestra.
Clouds that limn worlds at evening may
Challenge a Claud, Cole, or Rousseau,
To paint small part of sunset's glow.

And lo the majesty of night !
Her starry grandeur, the moon's fair light,
Their impress of infinity,
As holy music stirreth me.

SWEET VIOLET.

Sweet violet! pray where was all
Your fragrance culled, to so enthrall?
  Entranced am I, as to take flight
  From mundane things, in your delight.
A hovel you may turn a hall,
The weather stained, a frescoed wall,
A toiler make a prince withal,
  When you beguile, my matchless sprite,
                Sweet violet!
In query of your subtile thrall,
I peer within your heart, for it all.
  Ah me! to ken Creation's might!
  Your incense, flower royally dight,
That mortals in their transport call—
                Sweet violet!

DAFFODILS.

Mystery of burgeoned gold,
Trooping from the sodden mould!
Your magic, dear messenger,
Creates worlds, when you aver,
In your leaflets writ in gold,
You're the last edition of cold.
Gladness rays from out your heart,
Yearly triumph to impart
Beast and bird; and when occur
Frigid days, you next confer
Golden sun and song, to bring
Out the first edition of spring.

THE TREES.

Call not insensate the trees,
Waking to the sun and breeze;
Wise, industrious folk are they,
Weaving glories for sweet May.
And when full sheen they put on,
Could you richer satins don?

THE MOCKING BIRD.*

Outpour, prolong,
Your wizard song,
Your prankish roll.
Art so lavish,
Voice to ravish
A tuneless soul.

Princely endowed,
Nor vainly proud
O'er other bird.
Your mimic I grant
—Imitation scant—
For praise is heard.

Your tricksy message,
Yet should presage
A nobler plan,
Than saucy flaunt,
Menace or taunt,
In face of man.

Renewed onset?
Revengeful yet,
You against me?
Why does approach
Of man encroach?
A friend is he.

* For extensive acquaintance with this bird, swing your hammock in *some* spot he frequents.

Or is't yourselves,
Or daintier elves,
—Tragedic scold—
'Gainst whom excessive
And all aggressive
Roulades unfold?

A wondrous sweetness,
Awaits completeness,
In quest of fun.
The while is clever,
And fine endeavor,
Rashly undone.

Diviner, vainer
Entertainer,
Has mortal heard?
Musical scold,
And warrior bold
In choicest bird!

O, harlequin!
Now tell wherein
Is a defense!
Tell me pertaining,
Flaunt and your feigning,
Wherefore offense?

THE MINSTRELS.

The frog! aye and first choirist
Or tone-master. to come
To our far country places,
And bring our music home.
Beyond the pale of kindly arts,
Or genial equity,
He bravely bears his signal note
Of spring and rhythm to me.

NATURE'S LESSON.

The dew on the rose, the blush on the peach,
Escape with a breath, but faithfully teach
That their short lives natheless decay,—
A tribute to the Infinite pay.

SOPHISTRIES.

As the drifting, treacherous sand
Buries Afric's sphinx away,
So truth is buried in the land
Where sophistries have sway.

THE WOOD THRUSH.

Ring, silvery voice! that peals afar,
As if thou sangest to some star.
Consoles thy note, as if't conscious bore,
Welcome and peace heaven holds in store,
For souls sore tried
Ere glorified.
Ministry of promise, holy lore,
Message a comforting angel bore,
Entranced thou heard
And conned each word;
Thy flute-keyed throat
Now sets afloat,
—Sweet interpreter, mid-heaven seer—
Transmuting to peace earth's pain and fear.
—Fit for Elysium hast thou upclomb
Past the azure to tongue heaven's dome?

A BROTHER'S KEEPER.

A dove of its dear dead mate suing,
Accuses me of fault I'm ruing.
My carelessness, ah me!
It wrought so murderously.
Listless as vacant thought,
Death's ending 'hap I brought
To the poor dove's mate dead in the cornice.

I saw it on the hottest day,
Move in a wistful, pleading way.
"'Tis on its nest," I said,
At sunset it was dead.
Relentless grief, how keen!
Now plainly, I had seen
My fault brought death to the dove in the cornice.

The ceaseless moaning, the living mate,
Might wake the dead from that estate.
I fled yet clearly it said,
"Your care had saved our dead."
A hundred days had passed,
I returned but were fast
Held the wings of the dove dead in the cornice.

Morning breaks to piteous moan,
Scarce hushing the wretched groan.
For O! a chance is past,
And alas! guilt is glassed,
In my sad aching heart;
For surely I had part
In ill to the dove dead in the cornice.

MY CANARY.

A downy buff, with a border of white,
Full flushed of buff, a shade's remove,
Intelligence to feel the right,
Understanding of subtilest love,
Of flashing movements, perfect grace!—
O tenderest heart, in the tiniest breast,
Loving and hating with hottest zest,
Veriest warrior, of spur and crest!
And yet from out this jocund heart
Of soulful gifts and winning art,
There comes one sadder after strain,
A note most plaintive, in soft refrain.—
Aye, dainty thing! do you repress
Pain veiled in soft and feathery dress,
Smothering the woe of finiteness?

A SCHOOL RIDDLE.

This curio find on a craft of wind,
  Or in masquerading dew.
At morn it sailed, at eve white mailed
  From watery wastes upflew.

Like ship in tow, a thousand or so,
  Quaint shapes on shapes pursue.
But tell me Ho! where the voyagers go,
What next thing they've in view.

Tho flint or feather, with change of weather,
  Each change enchants anew;
On earth, in air, and everywhere,
  In some way serving you.

Its frown or glee, masks fine and free
  Oft limned in mist and dew;
But tell to me, what the thing may be,
  When with careening through.

THE HOAR FROST.

AT HIGH NOON.

Not at peep, but the top o' the day,
The white frost made its fine display,
Plied its wits, had its way.
Its work was begun,
In the face of the day,
In the eye of the sun.
Wondrously etherial,
Grew the white glowing land,
Such spirited material,
Graciously in hand.
Etching of rime,
Tho out of time,
Sped of fay-feet,
Soft as fleet,
Till on the earth, in the air,
Tracery was espied,
As filmy and fair,
As the veil of a bride,—
And all 'round uprose,
What the frost disclose,
Of a pure world,
Impearled! impearled!

THE SOUL OF SONG!

The soul of song has robin been,
Libation he pours to souls akin.
Wondrous, of winsome mien and cheer,
Tho comes he not of favor or fear,
But blithe and brave, true love to win.

Elixir of life, his lays have been;
Sad they alas! who love the sin,
Killing the bird with note of cheer,
The soul of song!

Our robin incarnates a seer;
At early spring, what carols clear!
On the sick ear, their happy din,
Of softer clime for living in.
Long live the bird of blessed cheer,
The soul of song!

MIGRATING.

Misgivings? Nay! wise birds had flown
Ere King Cold held so stark a throne.
In Zandevesta's legends, you've read,
How once the evil Ahriman sped
Revenge, implacable and bold.
He met his foes with frost and cold.
Crueler than steel, the icy wand,
With which he smote the laughing land.
We speed to 'scape his cold and wind,
Flee from their frown to clime more kind.
Delectable land! we craved thy boon,
Life's elixir, ere fast our shoon;
For wonted scenes imperiously,
Call us from o'er the frozen sea.
Tho from the sun, and to the cold,
Home has for us such manifold
Dear bonds and ties, if duller skies,
That glory is where duty lies,
In spite of frosts, and robins sing
That to the South their silence bring.
Our faith as robins o'er and o'er,
Seeks homlier lands, but loved the more.

IN A STORM.

It came, a careful, creeping spell,
  As high tide creeps out of the sea:
A charmed thing, it creepeth well,
  No instant late or lingeringly.

Marshalled its forces, then it poured,
  Not as soft showers on thirsty ground,
But winged its missiles, an armed hoard,
  Whence we flee the battle ground.

Scarce less the panic pending death,
  When sudden fire or flood o'ertake.
A rout of battle—gasping breath,
  Did battle within battle make.

Buffetted us, slapped in the face,
  Spurned patient temper, knouted zest:—
The driving gusts at steeple chase,
  And thunder urging to the test.

Pageant of storm, but joyless plight,
  The sure downfall we could not flee,
For this was on Fred's wedding night,
  We, wedding guest—*sans glee;* ah me!

JACKSON PARK, 1893.

God's provident thought,
Of wise men wrought,
  Built unto Him.
His chosen place
Enfolding grace,
Was a jewel's case
  On the lake's rim.

Better than they knew,
Men wrought the view,
  As marvel shod.
Their minds as one,
Resplendent shone,
In self foregone,
  Honoring God!

Earth, art and sky,
Together vie,
  With chrysoprase.
Earth and o'erhead,
Fair, tenanted,
Royally spread
  A people's praise.

Not to forget
This jewel set,
  In sumptuous array;
Suggestion vast
Caught each, who passed,
The lesson glassed,
  A prophecy.

AN ASTRAY CHAMELEON.

'Twas no bee 'mong rose-leaves,
Though 'mong roses my bed,
But something uncanny
Creeping under my head.

Upon wing flew fancy,
And gruesome grew woe,
For what if a snake
Was crawling there so!

Twinged a nerve,—I felt sure
That no fancy could sting.
'Twas some tropical monster,
Some venomous thing!

Tarantula, centipede?
Some merciless bugaboo,
Unless as brave as men are,
I could do as they do.

But strange comrades had met,
One cowered and crept,—
A coward defenseless
I laughed not, nor slept.

LAUS VERITATIS.

Luster of gems must truth impart,
The living soul be in all art.
From perfect arch, and architrave,
To creative touch, great artists crave
Truth supreme; all embodied grace
Beams with reflections of God's face.
The sword of truth, who fearless wields,
He blazons with the right he shields.
Whoe'er loves not e'en truth's lost cause,
But rather, favors and men's applause,
Is one who never endures for truth
Its battlings or defeats, in sooth!
Craven, alas! with armor down thrown,
Blank, where the right heraldic shone.—
And challenges the kingly might
That scepters stars, and rays the light!
Regal is truth! arrayed with grace,
She reigns a queen! Good men apace,
Own her scepter, as they cast down
The false and base, to hail her crown!

HEART OF THE MOUNTAINS.

I saw them in the morning glow,
The mountains high, in hoods of snow,
In purple first, then amethyst,
Ere rose-hued all, from foot to crest.

Nay! not a waste on desert air,
Colors that paint a world so fair;
And skies in sympathetic hues
Of coloring soft, the mountains choose.

The rocky heights my mountain view,
Keenly rebuke a soul untrue.
—O would dread foes could turn and stand
Leagued firm as rocks, in service grand,

That great and true benevolence show;
Hap,' feeding wastes with stores of snow,
Which nourish many a lovely thing
Waiting in the desert to upspring.

QUATRAIN.

After the splendors of glowing day,
And worlds on worlds o'er canopy;
'Tis then the stars sing of God's grace,
O soul! thy weakness waits apace.

THE SEA.

The sea! O the sea! is a merciless trap,
As it holds the dead, and rocks in its lap!
But alone on the sea, the wintry sea,
When night comes down,
Is to feel, and to know, to know, ah me!
Old Neptune's frown!
That booter free, loves pageantry;
And boasts to wear destruction's crown.

SILKEN SAIL.

A dainty gem of thistle down,
With silken sail, would effort crown;
Did Jules Verne raid to reach the moon?
This fleet of Fays arrived as soon.

ACTIVE SIRIUS MAY LEAD.

Wistful dog, the frisking wight!
  Playful—to the master bounds;
  Glad for chase as other hounds;
Nathless! lends his brisking light,
Leading worlds afar tonight.

Holy promise shall deliver
  Haply to mansions in some star;
  Heaven hath setting there afar,
Beacons light—in stars aquiver,
O'er the dread and fabled river.

Pantomime seems played thro space,
  Rich in worlds and glories' might!
  Creation accedes Nature's right;—
Tho seem orbs the elect in place,—
Souls shall reach them time apace.

Vision bounds not spirit's reach.
  Tho millions of stars be past,
  Splendors lead still, vast yond vast,
Entrancing us. Nature's speech
Undreamed grandeur yet shall teach.

LILACS.

Our summer has no flower so lush,
Such fulness in a purpling flush,
Its earliest, luxriant masses
Pluming to everything that passes.

A world of promise faith may see,
Risen life's refrain it renders thee.
With royal purpling tints 'tis aiding
In choicests ways of wondrous shading,
Till splendors flame and light the tree.—

—Tell me, has all this joy a mate
In fragrance and in beauteous state?
Gladness cries, "Long live"!—Fall near past,
Beautiful foliage the last,
Freshest is on the lilac tree.

NATURE WINE.

From Nature's cup I sip, I sip;
It bears such balm for fevered lip.
O could I tell! that, all might know
What spirit-needs from nature flow.

FALLING LEAVES.

Scurrying and gorgeous leaf!
Thy exultant life, though brief,
Were weak,—if to moan
Of earth's fullness richly fed,
Clad in tints, verd, gold and red,
Nor ever alone!

Grateful thy refreshing sway,
Sheltering us from burning day.
Love attends thee!
Time's a quicksand, engulfs till
Restrains the Master's loving will,
If ills portend thee!

Shall sacrifice leave thee sad?
Wondrous leaf! fine, true and glad,
Tho a wistful leaf!
Danced and laughed thou, in thy day;
Lilt and joyous as lamb's play,
Nor wist of grief.

Our hearts like thine, at decline,
In weariness oft repine,
Life ebbs as the wave,
Dense are we to nobler course
To goal of light—Wisdom's source,
Beyond the grave!

Piteous man! so frail a thing!
Faithless, he will earthward cling,
'Till vitally shorn!
Loath to leave the quivering branch;
Struggling still while forced to launch,
Sere, old, outworn!

Seasons with us have their cause,
Of beneficence seek no pause,—
Speed, speeds the gale!
Their service as thine, O Leaf!
Symbols God's gift, not grief,
Tho told as a tale.

THE MOON.

The moon an artist is to paint
Earth a pure pearl, *sans* sin or taint;
Its hallowed touch on rudest scene,
The place is a wealth of holy sheen.

Peace, its acolyte in ministry,
Has wrought such consciousness in me,
I feel the wings, the sheltering love,
Of Angels hovering just above.

Legions hold speech! I hear alone
Gladness and anthems at God's throne;
I'd pass to dwell beyond the stars,
Only the lingering flesh debars.

But while unbid, could I so face
Heaven's fuller glory? Lord give grace,
Courage to wait 'till Thy will be
Pinion to range far worlds with me.

THE SEA.

There is a sorrow in the sea, it cannot be quiet.—*Jer.* 49:23.

O ponderous toiling woe! O sea wherein
Thy motive? Angered, imperious flow
Thy tides of turbulent quest in ceaseless throe.
Bounding, receding,—onstriving still—would'st win
A severance from Earth's darkning night and sin?
Nay, wroth thy anguish still! And paling grow
The sun and stars.—Thy flood's relentless flow
Stirs moan in weary tides,—nor tides, shall win.

Man, too, laments self urged—to thee relate,
In impotence of strife, akin to thee
But peace, sepulchral sea! thy times await
Fixed in God's plan, tho' there be no more sea!—
Faith triumphs then, but in surrender great,
And hope chafe not of chastened liberty!

WRAITHS OF THE ROUND YEAR.

SPRING'S WRAITH.

Time's promise is but slumbering,
Ere it shall herald plenteous spring.
The Blue-bird's note of plaintive cheer
'Gain stirs a vital hope from sere
Scant assurance, but life shall thrill,
Croon in the trickling, melting rill.
And precious robin days a-wing,
Chasing the frost, the crazed old king.—

Ah! his exultant, blithesome song,
Shall marshall forth the feathered throng.
And Jay and Sparrow swift a-wing,
Shall clarion where the garden's ring;
While therewith in the forest deep
Shall wake a Wonderland from sleep.

SUMMER'S WRAITH.

With Spring's benificence begun
It loans its titheing to the sun,
And golden largess is Summer's sheen;
Then welcomes beauteous, fairest queen!
Reigning regally and serene.—
But alas! Summer,

Tardy, chary comer,
That reigns too briefly as a queen;
Scarce is her coronation seen,
Ere to and fro the chill winds run,
Run hand in hand, cold wind and sun.
Hapless frosts startle, lest they score
Jeopardy to Summer's store.
Scarce the cold portent of the frost,
Ere snow flakes flit and assure fright
That culminates in early blight.

AUTUMN'S WRAITH.

Autumn's wraith, clothed in keen cold air
Chants miracles, less rich than rare.
Her woof of beauty in the loom,
Veils lest its frail weft be a doom,
That frost and winter, shall entomb.
But buds of promise faring forth,
Are strong in trust of thee, Oh earth!
Brave halcyon days, like souls as brave
Trust thee, that hope outlives the grave.—
Farewell. Farewell! Oh faithful sun!
As to the warmer climes ye run,
Your Autumn glories outsplendor May—
Unloving suitor take thy way!

WINTER'S WRAITH.

Winter's wraith brings us worlds of cost
To diadem our land with frost
Jeweled sheen caught thro hard and rough
Yet lights up shadows just enough.
And pure as gems, or precious thought,
That is from dark experience caught.
Hail, to thee! bare denuded trees,
That pledge us larger faith, and sees
A richer promise, full and fair,
Awaiting God's touch everywhere;
As souls are waiting their time to wing
Twixt death, the grave and burgeoning.

NATURE ADJURES.

May she all your allegiance hold,
Around about your ideals fold:
All orbs, their systems, land and sea,
Our nightly stars truth's warders be.

CALIFORNIA'S WILD POPPY.

By fiery nod, Sol. challenged one day,
Of the Gold-lands a flowret's ray;
Obediently burgeoned the green
Buds, that enfold this golden sheen.

Signalling aid of the occident sky,
They asked in vain of that ally;
Bowed to earth-toil, from Earth's core mined
Rarest gold, that ever cup lined.

So wondrously rare, it bade man bring
To compare a more perfect thing;
Nor wizzard e'er of choicest gold
The colors' bright secret has told.

Or told whereto the cup was mined;
Seven times seven its gold refined!—
Nor nymph, or fay or creature is there
Living—to drink of cup so fair!

A RONDEL TO THE ROSE.

The precious rose rich spectra furl,
And brilliance rare with fragrance blend.
What auras beneficent descend,
And chrism of need, where deep ills swirl.

Whence perfumes emit and purl,
Such ministrant love must grace attend.
The precious rose rich spectra furls,
And brilliance rare, with fragrance blend.

Rose cups pure daintiness impearl,
Art with filled pallet to attend
Till assumptive wraiths the arts transcend
And transport plays in whorl on whorl.—
The precious rose rich spectra furls,
And brilliance rare with fragrance blend.

BENEFICENCE.

The mantling foliage, woven of May
Shields from dread heat, the torrid day;
With that need past soft-tintings-up,
Like pearls they melt in pleasure's cup.

A BLUE BIRD'S DIRGE.

This winsome bird in springtime heard,
Wakes mournful memory;
For he sang at the open grave,
Fresh grave of Bennie Ray.

Green grass, the tomb and apple bloom,
Blue Birds—that shining day,
Make their return my grief's return
For buried Bennie Ray.

So friendships thrive—years four and five
We gladdest mates at play,—
Ere death and change first wrought for me
A grieving memory.

No nightingale tells such a tale,
Or pipes of Pan—our day;
As Blue Birds sang mid apple blooms
At the grave of Bennie Ray.

THE WOODS.

"In vain, I strive to drink all in,
In vain, to utter half I feel."—*Holmes.*

From sparkling founts I drink, I drink the wine of youth;
From limpid, spicy cups, I pledge new love to truth.

The dewy vale, the blooming bank, exhale grief's cure;
From jeweled chalices pours life's elixir pure.

Vibrant is sympathy, soothing the heart and ear;
This Woodland word of God lifts heavy hearts 'bove fear.

No welcome here for carking care, or sordid life;
The brooding heavens wing down, debarring pride and strife.

Ye tune my soul to worship, temples ancient, grand;
Give praise, my grateful heart, on sacred ground we stand.

What graciousness revealed, in silences,—the woods,
Shuts out the pride and pomp of men: these solitudes.

The pillared isle, the azured dome, the leafy frieze,
Build shrines for nobler good than earthy, thoughtless ease.

The while, there comes an impulse, as on eagle's wing,
To cleave yon heavenly reach, for worthier glorying.

Carols far space, where myriad thrush, inviting sing,
Enkindling all my soul, tho still unanswering!

Pæans praise thro' creation's vast, to inspire thence
Worship in faithful souls and truth in eloquence.

THE ARBUTUS.

Excelling us, it emulates
Spirits of light,—divine the flower!
To bless and shrive our poor estates
So guerdoned with immortal dower!

Radiance with snow and icy sod,
And nestling with withering leaves,
Its beauty sings its praise to God:
Its incense to the maker breathes.

Lord! give us strength for deeds as meet
Tho paths of pain be faltering trod;
As fervent faith in our hearts beat
Tho in chains, may we smile up to God.

THE PALM.

Symbol of peace and praise, ye palm!
Stirring hearts as holy psalm,
  Exult, in that, Christ our Lord,
  Strove on earth,—the living word:—
  Hail! ye bear the spirit's sword!

Joy to spirits,—Christ renewed.
Doubt and impotence exclude!
  Bathe us with thy restful peace,—
  That blind sorrows have surcease;
  Grace and holiness increase.

Wave for victory! Peace shall crave;
Founts our feverish hearts to lave;
  Healing, where we have incurred
  Pain and anguish,—where we erred,
  Penitence and prayers be stirred!

Israel wearied and athirst,
Sought where the shining palm tops burst,
  Elim's palms the waters trace,
  Inviting spirits athirst of grace,—
  Peace and palms hold heavenly place!

Heaven sent! blessing finitely!
Antiphone joy's litany!—
  That, God's love ye do enshrine,
  Sacrament in essence thine:—
  Spiritual bread, and outpoured wine!

ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

On the high roomy banks of this river
Wondrous old castles embowered stand:
Ages, by skill of the great giver,
Moulded and wrought of matchless hand.

Storms of ice blast are carving ever,
To exceed mortal craftman's care;
Runs nature's way, so smooth and clever
To stamp its skill excellent as fair.

On sunny slopes their wealth of glory;
Enchantment—Ho! and wrought to mind,
A magic dream, tho mute and hoary,
Measured of peace and time,—how kind!

Fresh bowered now in emerald setting,—
Carved from the river's rocks,—ornate:
They entrance us, for mundane setting
Never acquires their peaceful state.

Nor unfolds the thrilling story
Of fair, famed castles of the Rhine,
Tho greatly benevolent Our hoary,
Our archaic, constructors—opine!

Nor do they tell of warfare murd'rous,
Since no wierd story, legend or shrine,
Or bloody tale they refund us,
As castles of the Tiber and Rhine.

WILD FLOWERS.

They bloom to gem the wildest place,
The crumbling waste scarce yielding space;
Resplendent their fine harmonies,
Bird choirs and verdure tapestries:—
Processions moving fast apace.

Afield a glorious, radiant race;
In woodlands—childhood's magic place—
Teem dell and steep, with wish to please;
They bloom to gem.

Each season's change—brings gifts apace
Could we their gracious giving trace.
Under their spell of harmonies
Were swept away vain sophistries
That blind our eyes to truth and grace;
That bloom to gem.

JUNE.

In long, sad days I felt the song
Of June above all thrusts of wrong;
And when there served but care and pain,
I hoped, ah yet! comes June and gain!

Precious the power bids June from its tomb,
Bids burst, last fettering sheath for bloom.
The hope flows from June's loving grace,
Lightens life's burdens long apace.

A healing draught distilled of Spring
Offering of joy, its fruits shall bring,
From purling founts—where souls quaff free
Of courage and serenity.

The crystal clear, pure days invite
Ideals clear as azure light;
With tender grace, earth mantels o'er,
A pledge of peace forevermore.

Ever—evermore falls on the ear,
Gathering us triumph over fear;
O'er slow endurance, grief and pain,
Till June's fruition smiles amain.

THE WINTRY SPIRIT.

Its pride of icy sheets shall cover
Age, infancy and maid and lover.
Ere spring days bland,
Smile on the land
Myriads sleep;—cold snow shall cover.

With brigand stealth comes Boreas, herald
Relentless—tho, be life imperiled;
With hoary beard,
And vision bleared,
Keen of cold blasts, this stormy herald!

On icy days, steel edged his lances;
His furtive thrusts, feign careless chances,
Seems pastimes' bent,—
Tis mischief lent.
Click,—Click, he foots the lilt of dances.

Woe! ye heartless, murderous rover!
Scarce Earth can from such jousts recover.
Enslaves Jack Frost
At every cost
Mantling with ice our precious land over.

Remorseless too! this harsh slave holder!
Scarce is the Prince of darkness bolder;
Nor yet understood
Wherein is good
In nip of frost-sharp grown and colder.

KITTEN CASTAWAYS.

Mew! Mew! a hopeless mew!
Sore terror cries, sues of you,
Kits from their rightful fold.
Oh! cruelty untold!—
Can hearts be ignoring,
The piteous imploring?
Wee and lost kittens, crying,
And outcast, starved and dying!

Out in night that chills you,
What would a homeless boy do?
Kittens are frenzied, or near it!
And woe their end,—we fear it!
Heart-rending is their cry!
Pleads, the wild piteous eye!
Three kittens cold, and crying,
Lone and shivering, dying!

Happier once than great kings,
Wee, winsome, tender things.
But now their privation,
And their severed relation!
Their milk and mother-care,
Their home and warmth were there.
Breaks my heart their crying!
Homeless ones, starved and dying.

ROBIN!

Challenges us,—the jaunty king,—
Leads home, the concourse of the spring.
Ah! his bright mien shall blithely bid,
"Of cheerless days and ills, be rid."
In cloud or storm a signal thrill,
In ringing note proclaims his will.
Of treasure-trove he brings along,
From softer chimes in liquid song.
My heart was Robin's when he went;
Now bounds when Winter's rigors spent
Returns our bird, with hail and shout,
Assures of wondrous things *en route*.
Other bird ways are shy as sweet,
But generalissimo leads the fleet
Of feathered æronauts. Compare
Whatever other songs on air,
With precious faith our robins sing
—Ye priests of Spring, faith's fullness bring.

RONDEAU.

O NATURE'S SPELL.

Nature's spell!—O she mothers us well!
To call or wake she peals a bell
  Of magic cheer! If cow'ring dread,
  Or grievous fear would hold instead,
She peals, "God reigns. His love we tell"!

But mortal tongue the half to tell,
Needs courage, that with trumpets swell
  With worlds on worlds the echoes spread
    Of Nature's spell!

A fervent faith love would compel.
Splendors hold speech and flowers tell,
  That with God's love they're daily fed;
  God's peace and trust, each ill will shed,
All worlds and stars the message swell
    Of Nature's spell.

THE THRUSH!

Thine the deep wood—Hail to thee!
  Ringing joy,—but whence so flown?
Spirit so glad, we'd grace thee,
  Heart so exultant grown!

All welcome we'd give thee,
  As the precious flowers strown.—
Art coy? Lest we despoil thee?
  Lest thy glad days be shorn?—

Evil in man's spirit,
  Has righteousness forsworn?
Dost reck of, and fear it
  In thy fair sylvan bourne?

Comfort!—Prince, ye help men
  To feel and know God's will:—
Uplift—Who, will turn when
  Stirs, God's praise in thy thrill.

BEECH TREE BOLES.

Egypt's earliest, I ween,
Quaintest sign words gray and green;
Witchery with winsomeness;
What their use I'm set to guess.

Pharaohs eld, if here to-day
Would they interpret to say
Hap! 'tis ours—some music score?
Or perchance, Hebraic lore?

Bole and bough, once wonder folk,
Clothed in magic wierdest cloak,—
Hyeroglyphs of wizard kind,
Nomads hasting left behind.

Wondrous spring, leaps faring forth,
Jealous, well to dight new earth;
Deftly aping the quaint style,
In palimpsest used awhile.

Empty aye is our empty guess;
And every time confessing less;
Vain is guessing!—since still the sheen
Keeps secrets sere, in gray and green.

AT FOOT OF THE MOUNTAINS.

Vision of beatitude—the snow's
Radiant on the mountains to-day,
And beckons us to hope's highway;—
Promise, e'er crowned the scene, still grows,
And fragrance as an incense flows.

O faith be changeless where ills abide,
Tho cold shall waste luxuriant day.
Yon heights outspread a celestial way
That leads the lost from far and wide,
Where God be sought to save and guide.

O heavenly father! Thy care be
O'er days so full of cruelty packed,
And scorn is keen by cruelest act.
Tho crushed to Earth dear Savior, we,
Tho they slay us, would trust in thee

To-day we adore thee in awe.
Of wondrous signals the hills display,
There plainly writ is heaven's sympathy.—
Pain plows for growth, God's love and law,
That leashed souls loosed to emprise draw.

Are guardian angels always aware
How grief clouds mortal hope? but lo,
Songs of peace are heard here below;
In winds that waft seraphic prayer
From waiting saints would lead us there.

Lead, Lord, as round us doth thy smile,
In tropic wealth, that lavish grows.
And fragrant auras, that bathe the rose.—
Grant faltering faith tho chilled the while,
Vital may grow and sere life smile.

Tho still be tares sown of our foes,
Courage my soul! the mountains entomb,
Seed that shall wave in verdure and bloom,
After frosts and the winter's snows,
Shall melt and flow as God's love flows.

Grandly the hills as sovereigns pledge,
Largess immeasured—garners are they,
To nourish earth some feverish day,
Mutations promise,—grace doth allege,
Denials or death, God round us shall hedge.

A ROSE IN A SNOW BANK.

The wailing winds of Autumn moan,
  Travail for winter's birth;
With hopeless threnodies, intone,
  Silencing speech and mirth.

But, just at morning a rose most fair,
  Did smile on the evil place.
Never before on wintry air,
  Such sumptuous bloom and grace.

Never before did flower so fair,
  Smile on so icy a place.
Or venture on frost laden air
  Such winsome bloom and grace.

Life.

Life

Life spiritually ours, therein we dwell,
Glorying in hope, whereof we sing !
Its daily joy shines to compel,
As the sun and shower of spring;
Gladdens, as beauty in the grass,
Crowns, as flower of shrub or tree,
Holds, as singing birds that pass,
Flecking the azured canopy;
Calms, as the vast of the wide, calm sea,
Moves as the stars of heaven, and as free.

BASELY ALLIED.

Possessing wealth—with power and pride,
With no thought taken, or felt a care,
For multitudes without a share
Of necessities.—O Basely allied!

THE SOPHISTS.

Prophesy not unto us right things. Speak unto us smooth things. Isa. xxx. 10.

The Sophists move on with a confident air,
In a style and manner wondrously fair,
With Conquering Kings they aspire to compare.

Evil deeds of their set, they call by fine name,
With sounding perversions to drape over shame,
Shun unvarnished truth, for truth would defame.

A sword is the truth, but its thrusts are scarce sore,
In the minds of the Rogues unconvinced on the score
That truth is of God—to prevail more and more.

They value its semblance, as a politic show,
Empty as puff balls, but fashioned you know,
For appearance of sanctity, quite as things go.

They and their kind look the world in the face,
Despite most lamentable harm to the race,—
Craft and cunning so easily win honored place.

Deplorable the better cause, where craft hastes to run
With fashion, and its tact, its winnings begun,
Will cleave to and crown, what dishonor has won.

The faithful move on, traduced, to be sure,
For if life is safe, and goods are secure,
They are little to mind with their ideals pure.

One who scorns all pretense, one of sensitive mind,
Must divine deepest truth where others are blind,
And suffer vicariously for shame of his kind.

But the wary and crafty, brook no leader than
The smooth pleasant Rogues and approve of their plan.
"Darkness rather than light," the old reason ran.

Upheld and complacent, they've comfort,—a mine,
Believing it wise to so much incline,
To follow this folk, in common sort fine.

They hold a sceptre, their tribe will increase,
Till reigns in the earth millenial peace,—
And ruleth the earth when sophistries cease.

BROTHERHOOD.

Noble are lives but at the rate
Of love of truth that naught can sate
On the low plane where false, ingrate
Poverty of soul allied
With worldly wisdom, and satisfied.
Great hearts and brave by grace shall grow
Sinews for durance, or the foe;
By higher life abjure world's love,
That struggling soul be flesh above,
By wounds, heart's blood paints clod or rose.
In God alone is firm repose.
Outweigh the quivering heart and breath,
Great values, that compensate death.—
But hopeless woe makes man a stock.
The stoic heart can feel no shock
For another's suffering; but dumb,
And robbed of self, his worst has come.
Driven coursing on the brain, the blood
Pours irritants, *an aching flood,*
Till reason is shaken on her throne,
And self so torn distraught has grown.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Where other singers approbation sought,
Her quest was highest truth, God's changeless thought.
Of gift supremely good, a fullness came,
Holds still, in royal singleness, her name.

As reigns the fruitful sun, this light so wrought
Ennobled mind and heart, wed soul with thought
Made of the core of truth, her drinking cup—
Sateless she quaffed, to hold its ideals up.

By strenuous life, by fainting flesh, I ween,
Some words, less choice, fell finer phrase between;
But poured heart's flood, her life, e'en to the lees,
Limning for us God's holiest verities.

A noble sympathy, a crown of love,
Hers, who could still friend of the friendless prove;
While tendrest experience brimmed her heart,
Gave still as without right to hold apart.

FAITHLESS.

Fade trust and hope? O soul, take warning!
Thou tremulous ash, on a spent ember,
One touch, or a breath, may dismember,
When darkens night, with never a morning.

'TIS PITIFUL!

'Tis pitiful! care furrows so;
For cause there is, that burrows low
In social life, where men decree,
"Wisdom with Mammon must agree."
Alas! the fashion is our foe!
Sin's bastions built forever so,
God's purpose bar, to build man's woe;
Nathless! to end in penalty,
'Tis pitiful!
An abject truckling yea, or no,
Wins favor that the world-wise show;
Less noble than slaves worldwise men be,
And basely hold life's high degree
To Mammon serve, to reap as sow,
'Tis pitiful!

BROKEN ON LIFE'S WHEEL.

Aquiver like an aspen sere,
  She sinks beneath the blow;
Or is held a stricken thing of fear,
  The false can torture so!

Her voice borne up, a riven pain,
  —It seemed no woman's voice,—
Tremblingly held on cords that strain,
  When death in life has choice.

"My soul!" she cried, "a changeling fear,
  Put weak revenge aside!
Hatred is not begotten here,
  Shame, bale or crime its bride."

"Steadfast, O soul! God's truth we deem
  Our light the perilous way;
O God give strength, lest to reason seem
  Truth is crucified to-day."

ILL JUDGMENTS.

O not the misjudgments of the race,
Rank neath the mock of the common-place,—
If husks of things shall burst and burn,
And secrets incandescent turn.

CHARACTER.

As sand grains irritate the oyster's side,
To encyst pearls for regal, costly pride,
So precious character may impearled be
In bruised hearts, to grow exceedingly
'Bove price. Like assay where gold is sought,
A test has proved the gem in true hearts wrought.

SELF-PITYING TEARS.

Of nobler things, the robbers chief,
Are tears of all self-centered grief.
'Gainst them I war; tho while I sleep
I dream griefs o'er and heart's blood weep,
Till direful throes wake in relief.

O sword of woe, and past belief !
While still awake, O scabbard sheathe
The poisoned edge, that grace stir deep
Of nobler things.

Stir buoyant faith; tho days be brief,
Yet I would heed to gather to sheaf
Griefs, if my Lord would I should reap.
Indulgent tears, their purchase cheap
I would forego, since life gives leave
Of nobler things.

BABY CLARE.

Baby came when spring violets came,
Her eyes were of their hue;
Came spring beauties pink as flame,
That pink coursed her veins through.
Flower, the sweetest breathing air,
Was dear, and dainty baby Clare.

ONE DESIRE ABOVE ALL OTHERS.

I'd not be pampered by vain hope,
Or panoplied by fortunes fond;
Rather give trial on trial scope,
To prove that I am free, not bond.

I'd probe my soul to heal its wound;
Put caustic to the quivering part,
That in more wholesome depths be ground
God's purpose for the mind and heart.

O sword of truth! be swift for me!
Pierce to life's core for secret ill!
Presuming, nor boastful I'd be
Of confident self-centered will.

MISFORTUNE'S FOLK.

Weep, if ye can, ye light folk,
When the poor your scorn provoke.
Vain assumption's flaunts but prove,
Godless men ape Christian love.

Sad your estate, ye poor things,
If 'tis gold such folly brings; —
Or hap.' some one of your name,
Essayed stepping stones to fame.

You are riding still the swell
Of that tide of chance, ah! well
Proving how weak mortals be,
How tempted poor humanity.

Deeds we've championed, 'tis clear
Heaven commissioned should appear;
Worthy heralds, bear the world
Light and sweetness Christ unfurled.

GIVING THAT DESPOILS.

Justice and thoughtful men complain,
Of ills they in benevolence see;
Crimes in immeasured charity,
When it turns the beggar's bread to bane.

TIME'S ON FLEET FOOT!

Time's on fleet foot! one scarce perceives,
It runs as rain drops off the eaves.
As yester's rain slipped down the sash
For Ocean's flood,—its hurrying plash,
A sigh?—nor sign nor shadow leaves.
Thoughtless tho a mishap grieves;
Nor strenuous care shall sift as sieves;
Air castles fall; heed not the crash,—
Time's on fleet foot!
So mortal hope spins lines and weaves
About vain life,—nor loss retrieves,
Nor pause can take, since fine nor brash
Heeds pleasure's class.—Shall truth abash?
One trusts not God—thinks of loss nor grieves?—
Time's on fleet foot!

QUATRAIN.

A menial state,—feigned passiveness,
Cravens affect as fortune's redress;
Basely they golden the beasty breach,
Such things their poor ideals teach.

A PLEA FOR CHIVALRY.

Chivalry is due
The poor girl and true,
Lest ways of wealth shame in her shroud
Possession of gold
Hides faults sophists hold;
Decollete dress, if spirit be proud.

Girl demeanors confess,
Diversely as her dress.
Grace, joyousness or winsome smile.
The rich-maid's gain,
Turn peril and pain !
So coigns of vantage the poor revile.

Nor honest-hearts stress,
Her misfortunes redress.
Nor wit, nor comeliness confer,
Protection in lieu,
Of the ills ensue.
Nay! all her gifts do curse upstir.

Sad, social ill-use,
Entrenched abuse!
'Tis passing strange, for so are made,
Defenseless hearts,
In homes or marts,
A thing to doubt, and to upbraid!

OWNERSHIP.

I've ownership in azure and cloud,
  In many splendors of earth and sea,
Riches to make me haughty and proud,
  If they were solely held by me.

Most glorious life is truth's command.
  Measureless peace souls ransomed know!
Such treasuretrove shall bless the land,
  When Christian men full statured grow.

FLATTERY.

Let no word of your lips weave the gossamer web,
  Bright tho the sheen, to enmesh for sin's sake;
Tho Arachne's fine web glints in October's sun
  It yields to the zephyr, nor the wary tribes take.

Flattery compasseth ill, of its riot and reel;
  Sun in air shining fair, gleams silken at cost;
By subtilest ways,—like to fanes of deceit,
  Yet flies heedlessly caught—are the least that is lost.

A SUICIDE.

A young and noble face,
Harrowed of pain apace,
Seeking to loose life's strain!
How fortunes so unmeet
Essayed to lead his feet,
No conjecture we gain.

Loomed tragedy. Aghast!
Appalled as volcanic blast
That restores nevermore!
Before this veil of doom,
Claim of the hungry tomb,
Whereto its gaping door?

Life's struggle all unblest!
Ill-starred, of doomed unrest;
Engulfed O merciless grief!
Such suffering here wrought,
A weaker heart had sought
Sin's fill, and found life brief.

Censure inveighs to know,
What soul-locked secrets show,
What is buried in this breast.
No purer heart did live,
And yet, but to receive
Many a torturing guest.

All ye, who would impeach
Recall our judgments reach.
Heart's own,—good or ingrate—
Only men noble and meek,
Can judge wisely and seek
Wisdom of burdened estate.

ASPIRATION.

Aspiration! Can midnight-oil,
Earthly glory repay toil?
Comliness in jeweled dress,
Preciousness the worlds possess?
Inspiration that centers power,
In a wrapped and dazzling hour?
Praise, that consumates fame,
Crowned ambition, deathless name?
Vain! all vain! Nay! tell me not
How the perishable is got,
Pledge me faith, all sceptering,
Things pure and not perishing.

A JOYLESS LIFE.

A joyless life, feels sorrows weight,
A hurtling, dire and monstrous fate.
It denies trust—God's love and care,
Blessing and guarding everywhere;—
Love plenteous! compassionate!

Legions in proud and worldly state,
Weak, fearful, very passionate,
Seek piteously of impotent prayer,
In joyless life.

No nard anoints!—what can await,
To balm wounds fevered, self-elate?
So broadly set pride's unloving snare,
That none enlighten, few shall care
How hardly felt,—God's love is great
In joyless life.

QUATRAIN.

What missile aimed at the heart of youth,
So deadly is, as poisoned truth?
Tongued a sweet morsel, laughing heard,
Among the careless of thought and word.

A SERENADE.

Night's splendors beckon world's afar,
Greeting gives us as orb and star.
We rapturous wake. Fled time and space,
As roused, we caught the tender grace,
Supremely borne on music's strain.
Nor cloud nor earthiness remain,
But a keen, entranced spell holds sway,
Abounding joy!—blest as the day,
When we from earth and time depart,
In Heaven made whole,
—A redeemed soul,—
Enter on peace shall God impart.

TIME ADJURES US.

May your soul's abasement confess you,
Ye sated with the gold of earth.
Can long life, or power redress you,
Poor friends, for immortal birth?
Wise and more confident than age,
Glorying in more foresight, than seers;
Can you tell or portray but a page
In manner of prophets and seers?

DISCUSSION OF NEUTRAL SOULS.

Abhor the neutral, O imperiled soul !
Abhor one who shall equally wait
To frown on right, or smile on hate,—
Blind such an one as burrowing mole!

Truth is a wand for the soul's high mood.
The right of man is truth eternal,
Exchange of doubt for truth supernal,
Tho waiting long, o'erlooked, or withstood.

Bides patience, that God's love have weight.
From conscious sin men turn not back
Who neutral are to wrong and rack;
Their rescue is the grave's wide gate.

Craft slays the right, wittingly sped
And neutrally, to compass tenfold
Self-centered trust, as prudent and bold
As eagles to their eyrie fled.

Only in woful moments, strong
Man's evil possession has been.
World wisdom for an hour may win,
But sheol is ashamed of their wrong.

2ND VOICE.

Merciful God! O swiftly reveal
Thine outstretched arm for wrong's amends.
Thy might restrain the groveling trait
That covert seeks insatiate
And sordid deeds to enmesh soul's weal:—
Self-centered aims, for vaunted ends!

Thou girdest souls whose love of right
Shall entrenched wrong well armed oppose:
Sinewed their soul!—If need must be,
They, too, win their Thermopylæ.
Such motive passing Spartan might,
Now in strength of God uprise;

They breathe the note of fervid scorn:—
A righteous wrath, held through and through,
Irradiates faith. They're stirred of fire,
Seeking God's will, in strength aspire
To change or shame the creature shorn
Of fervid motive—high and true!

The neutral cravenly hold the creed,
"We prove our right—we command might"!
All sacrifice, of selfishness shorn
Earneth of them their soulless scorn;
While carnal wisdom's neutral deed,
Whelms the soul as a Stygian night.

Heaven restores trampled right. Tho beneath
Mad feet the sufferance cries, "How long?"
God yet prevents the malign and sly
In their intrigue and iniquity;
And shall his holy sword unsheath
In time the valorless among.

3D VOICE.

Self centered trust soon falls away
As waters, rocks and land remove;
And patience shall false men disprove.—
But read the survival of love,
And that hour is just judgment's day.

Guilt builds to crumble, Lo! to dust
As rocks, the ribs of sea and land;
Pride's cities fall though built to stand.
Lost creatures, create of God's hand,
Sin's dullard illusions of trust!

Wait sword and flame hearts stirred to spare.
Sufferance is patient as merciful time.—
Haste shall not force weak men to crime,
Justice with mercy hath reach sublime;
But scorn of truth is an evil snare.

All truth and purity shall stand,
  Tho by dark aims o'ertopped the while
  With moral debris—pile upon pile,—
  Till beams the light in triumph's smile,
And guilt shrinks shamed of truth in the land.

Shun still the neutral, counsel or gifts,—
  World gain their idol is. As flood,
  Fire sweeps the world, nor may we brood
  O'er scattered ash. All nobler good,
Heaven's long-suffering love outsifts.

THE 2ND VOICE RESUMES.

  Craven are they, who seek to find
    On earth's wide, treacherous morass,
  Some bog that to their feet more kind,
    May stay their sinking as they pass.
  Yet whoe'er lends to the neutral cry
  Summons must brook from truth on high.

  Avaunt the souls that search to find,
    By evil plan Fortuna's touch.
  Avaunt such tempters to our kind.
    Leave them to shame they love so much;
  Weight of their chains may wake amain
  A cry for mercy, and pardon gain.

Seeing but with the fleshly eye,
  Groveling has made the heavy ear.
Thou Sovereign, heedful of prayer or cry,
  Canst change once stolid peace to fear?—
Too late? Ah yet may it not be,
They trust Thy love, and turn to Thee?

They loved not truth, nor scorned a lie;
  Monstrous—the lowering cloud of fate!
Bids nobler souls that they still vie,
  To banish guilt ere all too late.
Bids reign the truth, though a drawn sword,
To transfix each dark, neutral word.

HARD TIMES.

Rings care, that echoes long repeat
From house top, as from faring street,
To fill the wild and shuddering air
A sleepless moan of grief everywhere.

Millstones that weigh and crush at length,
Lighter are than such burdened strength,
Nor plowshares turn so coldly bare,
The freshning glebe, as this edge of care.

ATAVISM.

Flee swift across the tortured sense
Of memory, shadows from whence?
Or wherefore, they recur to me
I'd fain recall, but memory
Discerns not, in confusion dense.

Sometimes, when come these stirings 'tense,
I long for things of recompense
As mortals must, not grief but glee
Flees swift across.

Haunting fears rise in ranks, till hence
Constrained, I pray deliverance
That unkind, idle, liltings flee,
Tho' ripened on some family tree.
O the inalienable, cruelly dense,
Flees swift across.

SEEKING SPIRIT RAPPINGS.

The seance? Nay! but in the woods,
There's precious truth, truth answering;
Where spirits attuned, rapturous sing
In thrush choirs, of the templed woods.

A WEDDING TRAGEDY.

I.

No stint of wealth withal,
And arctic cold a thrall,
Winter a mimic May,
Splendors as Spring's full sway,
And wedding bells were joyous bells.
Precious earth bowed and smiled,
As wont on fortune's child;
Varied lights softly blent,
As with gracious intent,
To shield with friendly veil
Dark truths, that else prevail,
And wedding bells were dulcet bells!

II.

Enchantment reigned o'er all,
Costly gems,—bedecked hall,—
Pageantry, all delight,
Wrought for that wedding night,
And wedding bells were pealing bells!
From the street one looked in,
A face to haunt, or win,
Yet the same father's child,
Her innocence reviled;
And the groom, haughtiest there,
Aforetime spoke her fair,
And wedding bells were wrangling bells!

III.

O God! that such unrest
Pleads not in her behest
With a father for his child,
Disowned, frenzied and wild,
Moving to, moving fro,
To the stirrings of woe.
O! wedding bells! now clanging bells!
On the lone midnight street,
Echo her hurrying feet,
Turning, faltering, they pass,
The dread spell holds, alas!
And wedding bells were grieving bells.

IV.

Brain on fire to beguile,
Tragic hope in her smile;—
Stumbling, feverish feet,
They are weary, but fleet,
And wedding bells grew sobbing bells!
Ill and broken, overwrought,
Stung by torturing thought
Of her wrong—tho' long schooled,
Dauntless impulse now ruled;—
An insane shot aimed,
And death the bride claimed.
O! wedding bells! O tragic bells!

RONDEAU.

A ROUND OF TIME, 1860-1900.

These forty years, their good mark made,
Would cast our lowly life in the shade;
But wondrous history we'd lay down,
With Pilgrim's pack, for Christian's crown,
Where pride and glorying fame shall fade.

In glories sought, full wage when paid
Holds evermore to ways world-made;
Oh Christ! nor turn thy love to frown?
These forty years!

Ambitious aims trail pain to aid
These earthly ends, but June arrayed
The Love of God!—pride's gifts drop down,
As dead leaves, ere June's coral gown,
That mirrors change, yet graciously made,
These forty years.

THE TEMPTRESS.

Discreet in charm, this glorying guest!
Look and attire—the royalest;—
We bow to gaud so heralded,
But temper deference with dread,
Lest of rebuke and scorn we win
Confusion,—where clear gain had been.

A deft ideal, renumerative,
Sifts conscience thru,—chaff's for the seive,
Right under foot, wrong on the throne,
Breeds foes as Dragon teeth were sown: —
Man's plaudits loud with mockeries burn,
Pour in scant lives as in some urn:—

Queen temptress wears an amiable woe,
Jaunty as ribbons float,—and so,
Can cunning tact its ills assort,
That's spread of them a smooth report.

SECRECY.

Deep in the human heart, deep down it lies,
The cell of secrecy, the core of will;
Where pangs and arduous aims to acts distill;
And motives colored are with diverse dyes.
Hap! self deceiving! But keen friendly eyes,
Ask questions keen,—prudent as patient still!—
Their rare, sweet grace! but unacknowledged till
Pricked conscience stabs us, stirs to recognize
Ourselves soul-blind! This waking round's to show
Our God—how misconstrued!—How needs His rod
Beat sore till dead souls live and faith abide,
Or else conserved degeneracy low
As heathen ways, and under foot are trod
Mercies! by acts the heathen had decried.

INSINCERE.

False words, alas! fail not their token,—
A soul with *nobleness* has *broken*.
For bad men's smiles a caitiff soul
Blackballed of honor,—ever pays toll.—
No scorn, nor calumnies fulfill
So woeful a measure of unblest ill!—
Oft murder seems—aye, not so whole
An atrophy of mind and soul.

IMPEDIMENTA.

Covert by unsunned radiance,
Are rankling cares that pass belief,
So knawing worm, or frost's keen nip
Can brightly paint the dying leaf.

So jauntily can profane lips,
Wreak cruelty to pain the more;
A state of heart, that leaps and laughs
Tho hearts be crushed for evermore.

O God, cast out the laugh would crush;
Stay joy would lift our pain to song;
Give reason strength, where else distraught,
Souls are forgot in plaint of wrong!

Kaleidoscope opinion chains
A thoughtless mind, in age or youth;
Till such know not the right from wrong,
Or preciousness in loyal truth.

O nobler is hard toil of hand,
And nobler pride in garnered sheaf,
So grace to hear, cast loose world's fear,
And bless the soul with heaven's belief.

Sweet lessons are the fresh turned sod,
For fervent life,—and gentle youth.
As valor nurtures simplicity
And nature-love, stirs love of truth.

ASPIRE.

Nor faint my soul, but be ye rapped
In faith and love unswerving;
Fail not, as slothful moods are apt,
Life's given for arduous serving.

Impulse divine, be ours, nor fleet
As rainbow's glow in clearness;
Service, that girds with courage greet
Hardship, if it win God's nearness.

Noble nor brave is pleasure or ease
Nor time nor peace retrieving.
All lures will baleful license sieze,
Inglorious ends achieving.

Precious is gain by labor got,
On faith in God relying!
Dalliance and ease the tempter's plot
Vain, how vain! and Our Lord denying!

FOR A PRICE.

Wed, bartered as an earthly clod;
Thy guilty influence arrayed
'Gainst all that is pure before God!
Abased! art thou not?—nor dismayed?—
Great adoration, wealth at thy feet,
Crowds hastening to honor and greet,
Thy purchase! Yea,—thou art abased!
'Tis so soul-realms are desolate:
How dead soul dust must suffocate!
And heaven how far thru thy prison gate!
Bartered one! wedded and abased!

TO THE LEADER PREPOSTEROUS.

Away with the false, your wild tradition!
Your carnal gifts, your vain display;
O, were the fruits of sins contrition
Your better possession to-day!

For wine of praise, or glittering gold
You lead amiss with Circe's power,—
Then crowned with gems, assured and bold,
You sit a queen the piteous hour.

Truth and men's souls! you blot their light!
Turn both to mockery of God!—
Your seeress claim, your wisdom's light
Grew lust of might, sin's ways you trod.

MY BARQUE.

Time trims my sail in woful black,
That symbols no haven of love;
No phosphorous sea lights up my track,
No light the firmament above.

No sail asea, or point on land,
Or hope, or wild thing's lonely cry;
Humanely would Christ-love have planned
For human kindness ere we die?

I've labored long to vanquish tide;
The cordage yields as 't shrieks of strain,
But tho both oar and sail we've plied,
Buoy nor a shadow hints of gain.

I pray for faith, that one hope's ray
Might hearten me and hasten weal,—
Might check winds furious to betray
To specters dread, that lash the keel.

Confessed of pride, life still had hope.—
But looms a mast, O might I hail!
It comes within my voice's faint scope,
It comes to me,—A sail! A sail!!

O God! some souls so strive and die,
Of shattered hope that finds no good:—
What jarred on them so hopelessly,
Men jeer, nor care to have understood.

Or to, or fro, they find no peace,
Such ends, dread ends, defamed lives meet
Trials, for which there's no surcease
Leaves slander's tongue to death repeat.

RONDEAU.

Cruel as vain, the irate pain,
For place and power not ours to gain!
Our bartered souls meet thus, we ween,
A dire soul-death, yet of earth glean,
Gauds that such ambitions could gain.

Our opportunity for golden gain,
Failed as we to sow fields with grain,
The inevitable vexes spleen
Cruel as vain!

Alas, drugged cups, that slay amain,
Acrid of grief, we stooping drain.
Avails no plea to intervene,
With wild lament,—"It might have been."
'Tis but selfcentered plaint and pain
Cruel as vain!

MISFORTUNE'S CLASS.

Ye little one! Canst not look up
Confident of care, love, cloak, and cup
So pained of blame ye sup?

Scorn and wrong mock the little one.
Better were death, with life begun,
Yea, birth and death were one.

Inhumanity burns all hopes to ash,
So, bitterer, crueler than the lash
Are ills that babes abash.

Scars branded so,—shall life wipe out?
Nay, nature faints when all turns doubt—
No festering wound left out!

Heart breaking turns to stone the proud,
It numbs the heart,—O life so bowed!
Stone cold, nor pitying crowd!

Pass by, ye crowds, your mocking glee,
Portends no joy, tho not to see
Hardness and hatreds that be.

Joy dwells not with misfortune's class;
O'er rough paths, rock and steep, they pass:—
The branded, sorrowing class.

PRESENTIMENTS.

This message bears imprint from afar,
As word from other world, or star
That sped the long, infrequent way
To shake and pale my soul to-day.

Do angels wise such pity feel,
That they need fence to fend our weal
Lest hapless, we should on some brink
Of amazing revelation sink?

Or lest we faint, when we uplift
Our daily tasks, should with them drift
Some cloud to break or ill to leave
Shadows that shall around us cleave?

Thro' faith, God's mysteries should be
Sweetness and certitude, to me.
Nor ever relentless doubt impart,
Oppress the mind, or chill the heart.

So wholly allied with the lean soul,
We discern part, not wisdom's whole,
Or kenned the soul this hint to seize
And move us from our stolid ease.

INSENSITIVE.

Insensitive! who never know
A brotherhood with the world's woe,
But wend their easy, heedless way
As God was not, or on them lay
Command! that needs vain self forego.

Approbation—false! robbing so!
Lures hapless ones, who never know
Strenuous moods, but self betray.
Insensitive!

At endless cost are ideals low
Immolating, by false show
Friend or foe. What so cruel a way
As mockeries?—a demon play
It renders life—by sure oerthrow.
Insensitive!

THE GREATER GAIN.

Wealth and fame dazzle us and fill with delight,
Stir ambitions to consummate bloom;
In glorying wrought, presumed of their right,
Natheless is their's a perishable doom.

If we coin heart and soul into sensuous things,
Quenched the stars, ere ills that ensue:—
The dream of glory and glamour they bring,
Beguiles, feels no shame,—so untrue!

Nobler than all gifts, or earthly renown,
The light, that God's grace shall impart.
A wealth Ind's gold—all its gems cannot crown,
Dwells supreme in the God-fearing heart.

Shall we famish, stake soul, for gauds illy fair?
For illusions, so unworthy our quest?—
Deceits that still poison, envenom and snare,
Of heart sloth's dull, unwitting behest.

Stay our steps, Dear Lord! We thoughtlessly stray,
In sin's course, that few feet retrace,
Lead from ways faithless,—loved of display,
That, yet turn us a fiend's mocking face.

THE TEMPTER.

Our great tempter reigns a king,
Carnival time hastening,
Spoils and triumphs will he bring,
And with followers legions more,
Than we've ever seen before.

Trappings bear his steeds along
With harlequin, crush and throng,
Jubilance, and festive song.
Times were reckless evermore,
Pandemonium at our door.

Fashion loves his bright array,
Seeks his coming, day by day;
Loves him with his great display.
Honoring, crowning him betimes,
Alas, signalled oft by crimes!

Never mortal tongue shall tell,
Half the wiles displayed so well,
In their charm and binding spell;
But 'tis Rex can cover shame,
Throw a shield round flaunting blame.

Rings too, meekly at our door.
Pulls at heart strings—to implore,
Tho repulsed—and o'er and o'er,—
Loudly boasts with many a fling,
That he serves the sovereign king.

Slyly turns poor heads but quite
Loves the wrong and hates the right.
What can paint the piteous plight?—
The vain tempter crowned a king,
Leads in wicked wandering;

Changes deftly whate'er good;
Pretext clothes—lest understood;
Withal! feigning angelhood,
Seeks the church,—oft at its door
Cow'ring he deceives the more.

Would be sage and counselor
Packed of evils we abhor.
Our defense is ceaseless war.
Shield us angels, that not so,
Sleek a mischief Rex shall do!

Grizly, hoary, long his beard;
Old he is and grossly wierd,
Subtile, cunning, should be feared;
Natheless! holds men by the chain
Death alone can loose again.

Faith and Hope.

A SONG IN ILLNESS.

Our griefs and care we always may
Cast on God's love, so make dark day
A time of peace.

Our hearts in Him find rest, release,
So buoyed of hope, and bathed of peace;
God's blessed peace!

His boundless love is over all;
Soft mists on weary eyelids fall;
The dews of peace.

Could worlds on worlds so rest, make whole,
So heal deep wounds and soothe the soul,
As hallowed peace?

QUATRAIN.

Lift up my vision o'er to-day,
Where pain and trials press.
O light our paths with heavenly ray;
Mantle with holiness!

GOD'S MERCIFUL LOVE.

God appoints the ways of world and sun,
King, Creator, the crucified one—
To bless each soul since life begun
Of His wondrous, merciful love.

Our wary feet from His paths depart;
Of boundless love His father heart
Seeks still His mercies to impart
Of His long, long suffering love.

All measure exceeding, it shows;
Infinite, benign ever it flows,
As our need ever ampler grows,
His exceeding, marvelous love.

Praise ye! And laud his holy name,
Who loves us forever the same;
Nathless ill desert the fruit of blame.
O matchless, measureless love!

FAITH.

Shall cowering fear to my heart creep,
And reign with stress that death draws nigh?
Nay, soul, thy faith in joyance keep,
Infinite in peace as the starry sky.

TILL COMES THE MORN.

Till comes the morn, contained we'll be,
In love of truth,—true kindred's degree.
For witness, we have met before,
And your soul rang at my soul's door;
Yea, your faith's gauge divined to me
How noble a crown is sincerity,
A joy more encouraging me,
Than pæans of praise could evermore
Till comes the morn!

On soul-clear sensitive plates we see
A flower of truth in serenity,
An earnest of that farther shore
Where we shall meet when life is o'er,
So must we coin the mystery,
Till comes the morn!

PETITION.

More faith, give us, O Lord,
The soul's fullness accord,
That hope cleave the Dead Sea:—
Dullness and impiety.

A GRACE OF MEMORY.

Memory, jubilant to-day,
Gathered us spring buds by the way
We came; with magic touch revealed
Roses that richest attar yield.

Sped far to strew my house with flowers,
Their bloom is made to tell the hours;
A nook too warm,—the sun shone thro—
Is cool with vines, the loveliest grew.

So glad and winsome in serving me,
This precious grace of memory,
Must crown supremely those who tread
On flowers, and are ambrosia fed.

But long enshrined, so close allied,
The sceptered guest must ever bide.
Even in dreams will memories wake
Nemesis for keen torture's sake.

CONTRITION.

Construing love by discontent,
  Denying Him, who would bless,
O soul of mine, so impotent,
  So dense with wilfulness!

GOD'S PEACE.

At peace with God! Tho troubles stand
Around our onward path,
Terrors upraise no threat'ning hand,
God's love outmeasures wrath.

At peace with God! That peace, O soul,
Shall broken ties upbind,
To buoy o'er tide and tempest's roll,
Keep us in heart and mind.

At peace with God! As dews distill,
Distills God's gracious peace;
To daily manna turns God's will,
Till time and trials cease.

At peace with God! Earth's interests fade
Before this highest aim,
Which the atoning Christ has made,
Each Christian's princely claim.

At peace with God! On wings we rise
O'er grief and toil and pain;
Nor death nor change fright or surprise,
If holy peace sustain.

THE TEMPLE NOT MADE OF HANDS.

Tempers age, Time's keen, sharpened edge
Hard driven, as by a Titan's sledge;
Finds us waiting, craving place
Our Lord prepares apace.

The Temple's cornerstone, He laid;
Unequalled sacrifice, He made,
And lived and died for us, that grace
Give our poor service place.

O give place to His truth tomorrow,
Tho striving with patience, in sorrow,
To uplift and so prove heart's due
For God's indwelling true.

While Christ, our Saviour, holds His arms,
To calm our weak and vain alarms,
Of life, and death, and the dark grave,
He patiently calls us thro.

SERVICE.

Our Christian life of service shorn
Leaves faith with broken Wing and torn.

RONDEL TO 20 CENTURY.

Promise we hail! breaks morn from night!
Thy Kingdom Come to anointed eyes;
Our goal in aspiration lies.
God's Kingdom is love—enthroned in might.

Endurance robs as the thief at night,
But fainting heart tho tortured cries,—
"Promise I hail! breaks morn from night!
Thy Kingdom Come to anointed eyes!"

Perish the wrong of tyrant might!
Right manacled,—and black the skies!
Youth pales of shame's enormities;
Men scorn truth's claim, its conscious right—
Promise we hail!—breaks morn from night!
Hail! Kingdom Come! to anointed eyes!

MORN.

O glow of light! that brims the morning;—
Speech beyond words,—where joy would sip,—
Alas! for day! that seems for scorning
Lest forgetting,—to baseness we slip.

IF CUMBERED.

Trusting faithfully faith's candle will
  Guide thee to uplight e'en to-morrow.
Over ways ill, firm be thy will—
  Time must broadcast her sorrow.

Lead thee, heaven's light! Feet so shod
  Strive on, buoyed are; Soul so stayed
Hath felt God's love, though termed a rod,
  Lashless love, of kindness onlaid!

Great loss, man's piteous scorn of truth!
  Values thus grown exceed their right,
Riches, fleet fame, seeming, in sooth,
  Most that makes the world's delight.

Abjure world-craft! God's sovereign will,
  Service Christlike, shall peace bestow—
Millions, brilliance, pride fulfill
  What other part than overthrow?

HER PRAYER.

With ashen face, as one from murder flees,
And faint of soul (for crueler wound ne'er bled),
O God! she cried, Thou see'st me visited
With stroke on stroke that slays. Faith striving sees
Thy love supreme, (tho life pour to the lees),
Thy constant care over and round us shed,
Thine arm outstretched where broken life must tread.
Save from this pestilence's on the breeze,
We all unarmed tho' stones cry out afield!
Give strength that heaven thine aid shall find
'Gainst every foe; to faltering faith impart
Strength, Thy strength to the weak and fainting
heart.
But whate'er else befall, do Thou but crown
At length, with perfect love, tho' life's laid down.

PETITION.

O into faith that I might come
As one long wandering cometh home!
Do wrongs exult? Are truths denied?
Faith be my home,—a house glorified!

LOSS.

Heaven's light illumes truths that console,
Love of dumb creatures *sans* a soul.
Annihilation else is shared,
Compact of woe,—no soul prepared,
Vaults buoyant with our hope to heaven;
But tortured sense, to sore thrusts given,
Sharpens endurance's point to pain,
Till days slip down, down to the plane
Of ended joy;—its worship and song;
Piteous, Oh loss! With life! So long!

TELL ME.

Tell me the right, lest fault I rue,
With not alone myself to blame;
Tell of ideals noble and true,
That burn for truth a quenchless flame.

Tell me sin drives the Juggernaut will,
Rough o'er men's souls to blazon might.
Tell me God's ways alone fulfill,
Wisdom in men. Tell me the right!

RIGHT VALUES.

Awake my soul, by life is won
  Our Christian heritage.
  Abjure vain friendship would engage,
Such crucified the Son.

Mourn thee not, whate'er is denied,
  Of wondrous applause or crown.
  O who would pine for world renown?
Our Lord it crucified.

If flesh were winged to 'scape the clod,
  We now had taken flight.
  Blest the souls fitted of birth-right
To wing their way to God.

BEAUTY.

Supreme, Christ's beauty in the heart,
  And loveliness informs the face;
  Ever it flows forth in that grace
Ideal—Truth's perfect part!

PETITION.

No pleasant ways of time or sense
Ideals that world-ways dispense,
Serve thee—O Lord.
Dishonors that life defeat,
For honor's cause we meet,
With patience, at thy feet.
For strength,—O Lord!

Trials or sickness, suffering, pain,
No ills would we forego to gain
Indulgence,—Lord!
Wisdom our hunger's need,
Largess for word and deed,
For daily use we plead.
Thy gifts,—O Lord!

Give grace to pray for enemies,
Earnestly,—as we would pardon sieze,
Thy mercy,—Lord!
Justice before defense,
Patience nor recompense
So shall Thy truths dispense.
Thy ways,—O Lord!

EASTER EVE.

Spring sunshine is wakening life.
Bids wake thee, sleeping Earth !
Thou shalt clothe thee with chasteness,
With earnests of new birth.

Holy incense of the lilies
Is sweeter peace than chimes.
Beauty for hearts adorning;
For the soul's baptismal times.

O precious Savior! give us
Hearts voiced for Easter-praise.
Cleanse Thou, give grace in sharing,
In life or death, Thy ways.

Thy likeness perfect, grant Thou
Truth's fulness blest of Thee;
Thy precious, holy peace,
Be ours eternally!

AT HEAVEN'S BAR.

When the grave gives up its dead,
Revealed secrets will we dread?
That sequence of baleful minds,
Time sifts out and secret finds.

Pause, reflect, how will we meet,
Should we walk the gold-paved street,
Martyrs, scorned and dispossessed,
Defenseless souls, we oppressed?

Search light brighten, flash and gleam,
Stir, yea! shock our wordly dream,
Pale and shake us, mayhap shrive,
That our souls may wake and live.

Heaven's standards, the wicked flout,
Noblest truths ignore and doubt;—
Time mends wrong, were blindly done
While is space beneath the sun!

DEATH.

So weighted death! but why of gastliness?
O wherefore freighted with this dread affright?
Grace and its comliness grown cold, austere,
Her smile's swift leap we crave, to answer us.
Baffled affection seeks her speaking charm
Of face. Evades us still, the marbled calm.
Her laugh—exultant joy a few days since;
The warm and pulseful then, alas! this corse!
Motions of a sweet will, each look, each pulse,
Obeyed then, wrought a wondrous harmony.
Nay death! 'tis not a sleep wrings tears aflow.
Perchance the spirit waits appointed place,
'Tis Heaven's adjudged award. This semblance, lo!
Shall take no pause or rest—'tis dissolution.
Its lover now the worm, its bed with mold,
It caresseth with earth's clay to end in dust.
As we, does she, the separation feel?
Lonely as one gone out from native land,
Sighing to feel, there was more wonted place?
Nay! heaven is native, nor did death's dread gate,
Mock her in irony—of weak affright,
With weak convention's bonds. All thoughtless spell
Yields when heaven's light shall pluck the mystery.

INGLORIOUS.

When fears and tears blind heart and eyes,
Do angels see how souls may rise,
To take by easier siege the skies?
Shall hope not light the goodly view,
Still nourish grace for which we sue,
Against the tempter, evil, untrue,

That turns men's aims to sordid hold,
Held by love of silver and gold,
Got by a manner in secret told?
This privileged wealth, we sometimes meet,
Where truth's betrayed and under feet,
And falsehood is a morsel sweet.

Lord, grant us strength! nor less than drave
Strong Jael's shaft. If anger clave
To mercifulness, were it less brave?—
Peace outlines grace, an obverse side;
Let strength—God's peace but still abide,
It turns all violence aside.

If hampered of burning ills,—is't strange
(And lacking sympathies' interchange,)
Crushed souls should lose perspective range?
When power eludes, and sinks from reach,
And lips benumbed loose life-lit speech,
That heart implore must still beseech?

'Tis passing strange—to one shut out,
When tears shall mock and seem to shout
A shame of truth to souls about.
Oh spurn the gaud of haughty frown!
Or cowering nerve, rather the crown
The martyrs wore, with life laid down.

LADDER OF FAITH.

Faith's golden ladder reaches the sky,
God holds the hand would ascent try;
Strong as the truth, kindling as fire,
Firm in God's love, shall saints aspire.

JUN 18 1909

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 018 603 990 7